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The Sabbath on the Sea.

In the last number of the *Sailor's Magazine*, we invited the attention of mariners to the Bible on the sea; to its divine authority and unspeakable value, as attested by some of the most distinguished men of the past and present ages. We now invite their attention to the Sabbath—made for man—adapted to his physical and moral welfare—instituted in Paradise—re-proclaimed on Mount Sinai, and recorded on tables of stone—recognized and re-sanctioned by the Lord of the Sabbath, who finished his atoning work on that day—the type of heaven in this world, and the perfection of rest and blessedness in the world to come.

We rejoice to know that but very few vessels now leave port on the Sabbath; that some at sea are put under easy sail, all unnecessary work being avoided, and the day devoted to religious improvement in reading and meditation, and direct worship of God. We have room only for a few statements from Edward's Sabbath

Manual, especially designed for those engaged in the fishing and whaling business.

SABBATH FISHING.

"Even fishermen abroad on the ocean, who fish but six days in a week, ordinarily prosper better than those who fish seven. A gentleman who resides in a fishing town, and who has made extensive inquiries, remarks, "Those who fish on the Sabbath do not, ordinarily, take any more during the season, than those who keep the Sabbath. They do not make more money, or prosper better for this world. They are not more respectable or useful, nor are their families. Their children are not more moral, and it seems to be no better for them, *in any respect*, than if they fished and did business only six days in a week.

"One man followed fishing eight years. The first four he fished on the Sabbath. The next four he strictly kept the Sabbath, and is satisfied that it was for his advantage in a temporal point of view. Another man, who was accustomed for some years to fish on the Sabbath, afterwards discontinued it, and found that his profits were greater than before.—

Another man testifies that, in the year 1827, he and his men took more fish by far than any who were associated with them, though he kept the Sabbath and they did not. It was invariably his practice to rest from Saturday till Monday. Though it was an unfavorable season for the fisheries, he was greatly prospered in every way, and to such an extent that many regarded his success as almost miraculous.

"Examples like the above might be multiplied to almost any extent.— So far as I can learn by diligent inquiry, all who have left off fishing on the Sabbath, *without an exception*, think the change has been for their temporal advantage.

"He who has been more successful than any other among us this season, has strictly kept the Sabbath, as have also his men. They went to the coast of Labrador, were gone less time than usual, took more fish than the crew of any other vessel, and more than they could bring home.— They gave away thirty-five hundred fish before they left the ground. In thirteen days they caught eleven hundred quintals."

A gentleman belonging to another fishing town, who sends out more than two hundred vessels in a year, writes as follows: "I think it may safely be stated that those vessels which have not fished on the Sabbath have, taken together, met with *more than ordinary success*. The vessel whose earnings were the highest, the last year and the year before, was one on board which the Sabbath was kept by refraining from labor, and by religious worship. There is one firm which had eight vessels in its employ this season. Seven have fished on the Sabbath and one has not. That one has earned seven hundred dollars more than the most successful of the seven. There are two other firms employing each three vessels. Two out of the three, in each case, have kept the Sabbath, and in each case have earned *more than two-thirds of the profits*."

SABBATH WHALING.

"But there is one kind of employment," it is said, "in which men

must break the Sabbath, namely, the taking of WHALES. The owners give directions to the captains to take whales whenever and wherever they can find them. If captains of whale ships should not follow the directions of owners, they would not be able to obtain employment. Omitting to take whales on the Sabbath would make the voyage one-seventh part longer. The crews are absent a long time from their families, and ought to return as soon as they can. They often go for a long time without seeing whales; and, when they do see them, should they not take them, the crews would become uneasy and mutinous. If they do not take whales on the Sabbath, the sailors would be engaged in something worse. The Lord would not suffer them to see whales on the Sabbath, unless he designed that they should take them." etc. etc.

These reasons, and all others, may be set aside by one consideration, namely, "Thus saith the Lord: Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work." But, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy: in it thou shalt not do any work." Nor is obedience to this command, in the whaling business, impracticable. A number of captains and crews have tried it. They have taken no whales on the Sabbath, and yet ordinarily have obtained as much oil, and prospered as well, on the whole, as those who have desecrated that day.

Captain Scoresby, of the British Navy, who was afterwards commander of a whale-ship in the northern seas, tried it for a course of years, and was especially prospered. He states, in his journal, that he does not recollect a case in which they saw whales on the Sabbath, and yet did not attempt to take them, where they were not remarkably successful during the subsequent week. And although the Sailors at first, when they saw a whale on the Sabbath, could hardly be restrained from making efforts to take it, yet afterwards they not only were entirely willing to refrain but were in high glee whenever they saw one on the Sabbath, because from the facts, they expected afterwards to be greatly prospered.

The owners, instead of giving di-

rections to their captains to take whales whenever they can find them, can say, as men do with regard to other worldly employments, "Sundays excepted." Captains and crews can agree, when they are engaged, not to work on the Sabbath; and all concerned be contented, as in other employments, with what they can obtain in keeping the commands of God. Nor is it by any means certain that they will be out any longer, or be in any respect less successful.

Captain John Stetson, an experienced ship-master, and late consular agent at the Sandwich Islands, says, "We are far from believing that any man can be a loser by the keeping of the commands of God. We well remember the trial of Captain ——— after his conversion.— He felt the requirements of God to be as binding upon him as upon men on shore. He called his ship's company together, and informed them of his views. They agreed to give up whaling on the Sabbath. The next Sabbath, while Captain ——— was preparing for the forenoon service, a man on deck called out, 'There she blows!' It was a large whale, which passed near the ship very slowly.— They, however, did not lower the boats, but devoted the day to the worship of God. The next day every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the whale, but in vain. The week passed away, without seeing any.— The Sabbath came, and a whale was again seen. Some of the crew were desirous of going in pursuit, but the captain was firm. Another week passed away, and no whales. The third Sabbath came, and again they saw whales. The crew became clamorous, and almost mutinous; but the captain assured them they were in the path of duty, and went on with his religious services.— This was the last trial. They soon obtained all the oil they wanted, and returned in much less time than many who took whales on the Sabbath. A number of other instances might be cited, illustrating the fact that God can and does bless those who keep his commandments.

An instance is stated by the mate

of a whale-ship, in which the captain had been out but a short time before he repeatedly saw whales on the Sabbath, seeing none on any other day. He did not attempt to take them. Soon he fell in with other ships who had been out no longer than he had, and yet had hundreds of barrels of oil, much of which was taken on the Sabbath. He had none. After a time he saw a whale on Monday, and took it. He saw no more whales, after that, on the Sabbath but was very successful at other times. He filled his vessel, and returned months before those who sailed when he did, and took whales on the Sabbath.

Captain Green, of England, who refrained from taking whales on the Sabbath, stated that he had never seen a whale on that day, when he did not see it again, or some other on the following day.

A captain from Massachusetts, who long followed the business of whaling, took no whales on the Sabbath. Yet he was considered a very successful commander; and his services were eagerly sought for by owners of ships. His death, which lately occurred, was not only peaceful, but triumphant and glorious. "Never," said an old friend of his, "did I see such a triumphant death before."

As the reason given, that the Lord would not permit sailors to see whales on the Sabbath, unless it were his will that they should attempt to take them, they might as well say, that the Lord would not suffer them to see their neighbor's property, unless it were his will that they should steal it. He suffers men to be tempted to do wrong, for a far different purpose than that they should yield to the temptation. "Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted of evil; neither tempteth he any man." The fact is, whenever a man does wrong, "he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed." And it is lust, which, when it hath conceived, "bringeth forth sin. And sin," knowingly and presumptuously continued in, will, "when it is finished, bring forth death." When Jehovah commanded,

"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," *he made no exception with regard to the business of whaling.* If men would obey him, and meet his approbation, they must make none, but must rest on the Sabbath, and require all in their employment, and under their control, also to rest from their labors on that day."

Letters from Polynesia.

Nuuanu Valley—Foreigners' Cemetery—Shipping in Port—Annexation—New comers liable to be disappointed—Products of the islands, &c., &c.

Honolulu, 10th October, 1854.

Nuuanu Valley.

In rear of the city of Honolulu extends a beautiful valley terminating about six or seven miles from the sea side. It forms a marked feature in the scenery of this part of the island of Oahu. A road extends from the very wharfs, up the whole length of the valley, running over the mountain ridge to the other side of the island. About one and a half mile up this valley, on the left hand side of the main road, is located the Foreigners' Cemetery. It is a charming spot. The view from any portion of the grounds is commanding and beautiful. The city, harbor, and Ocean, are spread out, in full and distinct prospect. The mountain ridges lie on each side, and converge at the upper extremity of the valley. It is now nearly two years since these premises were secured as a sacred resting place for the dead. One portion of the grounds has been set off as the "Strangers' Lot," and another as the "Seamen's Lot." In the latter I have just now deposited the remains of a sailor, who died yesterday, belonging to the "Living Age," a vessel, just arrived, 152 days from New York. This man, a Prussian, died of the scurvy. Another with the same disease has been carried to the U. S. Hospital, but I think that he will recover. Already have I attended the funerals of more than one hundred seamen, who have been buried in the "Seamen's Lot." There lie their

remains mouldering to the dust. They represent almost every nation and tribe upon earth. Every nation of Europe and America, the islands of the sea, and the tribes of Asia and Africa, have there sent their representative. As I call to mind the individuals, with many of whom, I had become intimately acquainted, my mind is filled with numerous reflections. Of some, I entertained no manner of doubt that they went prepared to render up their final account. Would that I might think more of them had made their peace with God, and secured an interest in Christ. In the midst of these hundred or more graves, stands a neat marble monument, erected in memory of the Rev. John Diell, the former Seamen's Chaplain, who died at sea in 1841.—The appropriateness of this simple and beautiful monument, surrounded by an iron railing, impresses the mind of the beholder. From the room where I am now writing the cemetery is distinctly to be seen. I can also look out upon the city and harbor.

Our harbor is now beginning to fill up with the Fall shipping. There lie at anchor two U. S. vessels of war, the "Portsmouth," and "St. Marys"; the British vessel of war "Tricomalee," just returned from a cruise in the Arctic, whither she conveyed supplies for those vessels searching for Sir John Franklin; and also several merchant vessels and, whale-ships. Our harbor is not large but it is remarkably safe and convenient. When vessels are once anchored and moored, their masters can come on shore and feel no anxiety that their ships will be driven to sea, or dashed upon the rocks. These remarks refer to our inner harbor.—There is good anchorage in the outer harbor or roadstead, except during southerly gales, which, however, do but seldom occur.

As yet only a very few whale-ships have arrived. They are much later than during former years. Reports are not very favorable in regard to their success. Unless the ships take oil very late in the season, the average will be very low, and especially, will this be true of the Arctic

portion of the whaling fleet. Reports have reached us of the loss of four whale ships this season, viz. Callao, Silas Richards, and two others, the names of which I do not recollect. I do not learn that any of their respective crews were lost. Would that I could make as favorable a report respecting the whale ship "Monongahela," Capt. Seabury. This vessel was missing last year. No definite information could be obtained respecting her fate. Although it was supposed she was lost, about the time that she attempted to leave the Arctic Ocean. She was seen during a severe gale, but subsequently nothing was heard from her, until as report says, a cask of her sails and some of her spars have been picked up at sea.

Capt. Percival reports that, up to August 1st there had been no whaling in the Arctic, the weather bad, and no whales. Has not seen a dozen Bowheads the season. There were but about 50 ships north, and most of them were intending leaving for the coast of California and the lower coast, to look for Sperm whales.

About 100 miles south of Sequam, one of the chain of Fox Islands, fell in with two casks of oil. One of which he secured. It was a ground or second tier cask, bunged off, and had evidently come out of some ship, and not washed overboard. The head was marked with marking-irons.—S. C., and with white paint—"Iron hoops." It had kelp grown on it about four feet long, and had apparently been in the water a long time. Also quite a number of pieces of ship's plank floating about that bore every appearance of a wrecked vessel, from the manner in which they had been broken off.

It is Capt. P.'s opinion that they belonged to the Monongahela, the missing ship. He says there was a current report among the ships, from a French whaler, that last season, when beating out the 72nd passage, in a gale of wind, he saw a ship off the lee quarter, which he knew to be the Monongahela; that with great difficulty he fetched by, and he thought the ship astern must have

gone on. [In addition to the above evidence that the Monongahela was lost, as supposed, on one of the Fox Islands, it is known that the Pocahontas picked up a cask of sails, marked, "Monongahela," and Capt. Jaggur, of the Emerald, now in port, picked up a cask of "flags," supposed to belong to the same ship. Both these casks were picked up in the vicinity of the island on which the "M." is supposed to have been wrecked.—*Ed. Polynesian.*] There is one thing that should be noticed here, viz:—It is a little singular this report was not known here before now, as so large a number of the whalers came in here in the fall, nor has it before appeared in any papers of the Pacific, where it is so well known that the "M" was missing.

This is a mere report; when the ships arrive from the north, probably something more definite will be reported. There is a strong presumption that all on board must have perished. It is sad to reflect upon the probable fact that a whale-ship's company of thirty and more souls, all going down together, and not one surviving to tell the tale of sorrow. How forcibly do such facts, which are frequently occurring, impress the importance of urging upon seamen the necessity of being always ready. "Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

Of late, I observe, in reading American papers, that the subject of "Annexation" is looked upon as a "fixed fact." This may or may not be true. I am more than half inclined to think that things are not as yet quite settled!! But that does not materially concern the point upon which I would now briefly remark. Suppose the Islands should be annexed, then for a time there will be a rush hither.—Should such be the case, then I am fully confident, good three-fourths will come to be disappointed, and many most bitterly disappointed. I argue thus, but I daily meet those who are disappointed. This result has taken place from various considerations. People are not generally

disappointed with the climate, or the salubriousness of our sea-girt islands. The Islands unquestionably possess the finest climate on the globe. It is remarkably healthy, although of late years, the epidemics of other lands have been brought hither. The whooping cough and a mild form of fever, are now prevailing. The latter, almost all new comers are sure to take, but it is quite remarkable that while thousands have been prostrated by it, I am not aware that in one single instance, has it proved fatal.—Foreigners are more liable to take it than natives.

Persons coming hither with the idea of accumulating fortunes by agricultural pursuits, are certain to be disappointed. The seasons here do not correspond with the seasons on the main land. The mode of cultivation is different. Farmers are liable to be disappointed in their crops. Labor is high, and uncertain, and unless a man is ready to take off his coat, take hold of the plough with his own hands, and work, he had better never become an Hawaiian farmer. The old adage, that, "he who would thrive, must either hold or drive," is emphatically true at the Sandwich Islands. The God of nature has never abrogated the law, embodied in the curse pronounced upon Adam, "In the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread," so far as the Sandwich Islands are concerned. But some of the readers of the Magazine may ask, but are not the Sandwich Islanders lazy? Yes, very lazy, many of them, and so are many foreigners. If persons here are willing to live upon—*poe*—they need not work more than one day in a week. This is what natives do, but if farmers would prosper, thrive, grow rich, and live comfortably, then they *must* work.

Some will be disappointed, because they cannot obtain land here, as in the *Western Country*, for \$1 25 per acre. Should "Uncle Sam" buy out Kemahemua III, he will not buy much land!! The people, foreigners and natives, now own the principal part of the lands. The best lands are still in the hands of the Chiefs,

and if a new comer can buy their lands, that is all very well; but it is not here as in the Indian country of the United States. Emigrants cannot come hither and stake off their sections and quarter sections, as in Kansas and Nebraska. No person must come hither, as he would go to Oregon or Washington Territory, and stake off his "mile square," unless he goes to the top of Mauna Loa and settles down upon a region where he will find *lava* in abundance, but no soil or woodland! Although the Sandwich Islands have recently been added to the *Civilized* world, yet they have been long settled, and the aboriginal race is still quite numerous upon the soil; and will be for many years to come. Eventually, foreigners will occupy the land and the influence will be in their hands, but the process must be gradual. Cities, towns and villages are not going to spring up here as they do in Illinois and Iowa. Railroads will never tunnel our mountains and run up our valleys. Our volcanoes send forth no gold or silver. Mineral wealth does not abound here. But what do the islands produce? I fancy some of your readers ask. They furnish excellent pasturage the year round for herds of cattle, horses, sheep or goats. Our hills are clothed with perpetual green. Some portions of the islands produce good wheat, although I do not imagine flour will ever become a staple product. It may however, and some good wheat fields already gladden the visitor's eye. Good sugar and molasses can be produced. None better in any part of the world; but it is a serious question whether our islands, in producing sugar and molasses will ever compete with Manilla, and other parts of the East Indies. We can produce also good coffee. It equals that of any other part of the world, but then labor is so high, that, as yet, coffee has not become extensively cultivated.—Many of the tropical fruits can be produced, but not upon all parts of the islands. There are portions where oranges, pine apples, etc, grow finely, and eventually will be extensively cultivated for the San Francisco market.

If persons desire a good climate, are willing to work, are ready to adapt themselves to circumstances, study the nature of the soil, and put up with many inconveniences, then they may come and settle upon the Sandwich Islands, without being disappointed. There are certain localities, such as Honolulu, Lahaina, and Hilo, where flourishing towns will spring up, where merchants will prosper and flourish, but their success must essentially depend upon the development of the agricultural resources of the Islands. To develop these resources, requires capital, skill, labor and enterprise. Gladly would I welcome two thousand emigrants if they come with those accompaniments. We desire to see however, none who will not build up good institutions, viz: good schools and colleges, churches, and all those other institutions, indicative of a free, enterprising, intelligent, thriving, and religious community.

But I have already protracted my observations, perhaps, beyond such limits as will entitle them to a place in your columns, if so, you may *razee* them to any extent you like.

Your's truly,

S. C. D.

Old ocean.

No man, the proverb says, is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. Certainly no poet, no hero, no inspired prophet, ever lost so much on near acquaintance as this same mystic grandiloquent old ocean. The one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is never taken with such alacrity as in a sea voyage.

In the first place it is a melancholy fact, but not the less true, that ship life is not at all fragrant; in short, particularly on a steamer, there is a most mournful combination of greas, steam, onions, and dinners in general either past, present or to come, which floating invisibly in the atmosphere, strongly predisposes to that disgust of existence, which in half an hour after sailing begins to come upon you; that disgust, that strange, mysterious, ineffable sensation which steals slowly

and inexplicably upon you; which makes every heaving billow, every white capped wave, the ship, the people, the sight, taste, sound and smell of everything a matter of inexpressible loathing. Man cannot utter it.

It is really amusing to watch the gradual progress of this epidemic; to see people stepping on board in the highest possible feather, alert, airy, nimble, parading the deck, chatty, conversable, on the best possible terms with themselves and mankind generally; the treacherous ship, meanwhile undulating and heaving in the most graceful rises and pauses imaginable, like some voluptuous waltzer; and then see one after another yield to the mysterious spell!

Your poet launches forth "full of sentiment sublime as billows," discoursing magnificently on the color of the waves and glory of the clouds; but gradually he grows white about the mouth, gives sidelong looks towards the stairway; at last, with one desperate plunge "he sets to rise no more!"

Here sits a stout gentleman, who looks as resolute as an oak log. "These things are much the effect of imagination," he tells you; "a little self-control and resolution," etc. Ah, me! it is delightful when these people who are always talking about resolution get caught on shipboard. As the backwoodsman said to the Mississippi River, about the steamboat, they "get their match." Our stout gentleman sits a quarter of an hour up right as a palm tree, his back squared against the rails, pretending to be reading a paper; but the dismal look of disgust is settling down about his lips; the old sea and his will are evidently having a pitched battle. Ah, hal there he goes for the stairway; says he has left a book in the cabin, but shoots by with a most suspicious velocity. You may fancy his finale.

Then of course, there are young ladies—charming creatures—who, in about ten minutes are going to die, and are sure they shall die, and can't care if they do; whom anxious papas, or brothers or lovers, consign with all speed to those dismal lower regions, where the brisk cham-

bermaid, who has been expecting them, seems to think their agonies and groans a regular part of the play.

I had come on board, thinking in my simplicity, of a fortnight to be spent something like a fortnight on a trip to New Orleans, on one of our floating river palaces; that we should sit in our state rooms, read, sew, sketch, and chat; and accordingly I laid in a magnificent provision in the way of literature and divers matters of fancy work, with which to while away the time. Some last, airy touches, in the way of making up bows, disposing ribbons, and binding collarets, had been left to these long leisure hours, as matters of amusement.

Let me warn you, if ever you go to sea you may as well omit all such preparations. Don't leave so much as the unlocking of a trunk to be done after sailing. In the few precious minutes when the ship stands still before she weighs her anchor, set your house, that is to say your state room, as much in order as if you were going to be hanged; place every thing in the most convenient position to be seized without trouble at a moment's notice; for be sure that in half an hour after sailing an infinite desperation will seize you, in which the grasshopper will be a burden. If anything is in your trunk it might almost as well be in the sea for any practical probability of your getting to it.

Moreover, let your toilet be eminently simple, for you will find the time coming when to button a cuff or arrange a ruff will be a matter of absolute despair. You lie disconsolate in your berth, only desiring to be alone to die; and, then, if you are told, as you always are, "that you musn't give way," that "you must rouse yourself and come on deck," you will appreciate the value of simple attire.

With everything in your berth dizzily swiveling backwards and forwards, your bonnet, your cloak, your tippet, your gloves, all present so many discouraging impossibilities; knotted strings cannot be untied, and modes of fastening, which seem curious and

convenient when you had nothing else to do but fasten them, now look disgustingly impracticable. Nevertheless, your fate for the whole voyage depends upon your rousing yourself to get upon deck at first; to give up then is to be consigned to the Averna, the Hades of the lower regions for the rest of the voyage.

* * * * *

But at night!—the beauties of a night on ship board!—down in your berth, with the sea hissing and fizzing, gurgling and booming, within an inch of your ear; and then the steward comes along at twelve o'clock and puts out your light, and there you are: Jonah in the whale was not darker or more dismal. There, in profound ignorance and blindness, you lie, and feel yourself rolled upwards and downwards, and sideways and all ways like a cork in a tub of water; much such a sensation as one might suppose it to be were one headed up in a barrel and thrown into the sea.

Occasionally a wave comes with a thump against your ear, as if a great hammer was knocking on your barrel, to see that all within was safe and sound. Then you begin to think of krakens and sharks, and porpoises, and sea serpents, and all the monstrous, slimy, cold, hoggoblin brood, who, perhaps, are your next door neighbors; and the old blue haired Ocean whispers through the planks, "Here you are; I've got you. Your grand ship is my plaything. I can do what I please with it."

Our cook has specially interested me—a tall, slender, melancholy man, with a watery blue-eye, a patient, dejected visage, like an individual weary of the storms and commotions of life, and thoroughly impressed with the vanity of human wishes. I sit there hour after hour watching him, and it is evident that he prefers all his duties in this frame of sad composure. Now I see him resignedly stuffing a turkey, anon compounding a sauce, or mournfully making little ripples in the crust of a tart; but all is done under an evident sense that it is of no use trying.

Many complaints have been made of our coffee since we have been on board, which, to say the truth has been as unsettled as most of the social questions of the day, and, perhaps, for that reason, quite as generally unpalatable; but since I have seen our cook, I am quite persuaded that the coffee, like other works of great artists, has borrowed the hues of his maker's mind. I think I hear him soliloquize over it. "To what purpose is coffee? Of what avail tea? Thick or clear? All is passing away; a little egg, or fish skin, more or less, what are they?" And so we get melancholy coffee and tea, owing to our philosophic cook.

After dinner I watch him as he washes dishes. He hangs up a whole row of tin; the ship gives a lurch and knocks them all down. He looks as if it was just as he expected. "Such is life," he says, as he pursues a slippery tin pan in one direction and arrests the gambols of a ladle in another; while the wicked sea, meanwhile, with another lurch, is upsetting all his dishwater. I can see how these daily trials, this performing of most delicate and complicated gastronomic operations in the midst of such unsteady, unsettled circumstances, have gradually given this poor soul a despair of living, and brought him into this state of melancholy. Just as Xanthippe made a sage of Socrates, this whinny, frisky, stormy life has made a sage of our cook. Meanwhile, not to do him injustice, let it be recorded, that in all the dishes which require grave conviction and steady perseverance, rather than hope and inspiration, he is eminently successful. Our table excels in viands of a reflective and solemn character; mighty rounds of beef, vast saddles of mutton, and the whole tribe of meat in general, come on in a superior style. English plum pudding, a weighty and serious performance, is exhibited in first rate order. The jellies want lightness, but that is to be expected.—Mrs. Stowe.

Whaling Business.

The Rev. Henry W. Giles, in his *History of Nantucket*, published in the *N. E. Mercury* gives the following sketch of the whaling business.

Before giving our personal impressions of Nantucket, we have some remarks to make on its staple business. This, as every one knows, is connected with the whale. We might here, if we wished merely to fill space, go into a dissertation on the great animal of the ocean—describe their forms—trace them to their haunts, and dwell minutely on their habits; but our readers will find such information, if any of them should need it, in a child's book of natural history. We have now to do with a whale simply as a source of business, and that in the briefest manner. A species called the "Right Whale" used to be found in the Gulf of St. Lawrence about the year 1761. A whale of this species frequently yielded from 100 to 230 barrels of oil, with from 2500 to 3200 pounds of bone, which sold for more than a dollar a pound. But the *Sperm Whale* is of the most worth, and until of late it was the only one which the adventurer cared to capture. A *Sperm Whale* 60 feet long, 24 feet around the largest part of the body, will produce, according to Nantucket estimate, 60 barrels of oil, and Nantucket ought to know.

To show at what cost this trade is carried on, we will state, in the most condensed manner, a few items of its expense. There is, first the expense of capital. "A fair average price of a ship," says Mr. Macy, "ready for the reception of her appropriate stores for a three years' voyage, is about \$12,000, and the outfit about \$18,000 more. Some have sailed at as much higher price—near \$50,000." This the owners furnish. The captain and crew are paid by shares of the whole, according to a certain scale. The scale varies, we suppose, with circumstances; but it is so adjusted that the risk may be as fair as can be, between capital on one side, and life and labor on the other. Life and labor constitute the second item of expense. They make no light one.—Life is endangered in whaling as

The clank of religion is to be known sometimes, says Punch, by the fine snip it has during sermon time.

it is in all navigation, but besides the ordinary chances of the sea, it has fatalities which are peculiar to itself.

The whale occasionally shows fight, turns on his pursuers, and whirls them to destruction; or sometimes, with too short a line, drives and drags them into the fathomless abyss. Instances occur when a ship is lost by striking against a whale. In 1807, the ship *Union*, Capt. Edmund Gardener, sailing at the rate of seven knots an hour, struck on a whale. The captain and crew had merely time to provision and launch their boats, and in less than an hour the ship went down. After rowing and sailing for seven days and eight nights—the latter part of the time without food or water, having in a tempest been obliged to lighten the boats—they gained an island of the Azores, and obtained assistance. But a whale will also attack a ship. A case of this kind happened to Capt. Pollard, of the ship *Essex*, of Nantucket, in 1820. While he and most of his men were in pursuit of a school of whales, a single whale with two blows destroyed his vessel. When he and his party returned, they and those who had been with the ship, found themselves on the desolate ocean robbed of their only refuge. They furnished their boats as best they could from the wreck, and set out to reach the nearest land, which was separated from them by 1000 miles.

After enduring incredible hardships for twenty-eight days, they arrived at Duncie's Island.—They procured water there, but could get no food; they once more embarked, steering for East Island, but missed it. Now they aimed for Juan Fernandez, which was about 2500 miles E. S. E. from them. They left Duncie's Island on the 27th of December, and there were then three boats, each respectively commanded by the captain, the mate, and second mate. On the 10th of January the second mate died, and on the 12th the mate's boat parted from the others. On the 17th of February, the mate and such of his companions as were alive, were picked up by Capt. Grozier, of the brig *India* from

London. The captain and a single survivor were rescued on the 23d of February, by Capt. Zimri Coffin, in the ship *Dauphin*, of Nantucket. The second mate's boat was never heard of. Capt. Pollard had the misfortune to be afterwards totally wrecked on a coral reef, which is another source of risk in this navigation,—all the more fearful, that it is at once terrible and unseen. Here are cases that surpass for suffering and struggle the noted stories of Bligh and Byron, yet they are but instances out of numbers equally awful which are on record. "The whole number of the vessels lost, exclusive of captures," Mr. Macy says, writing in 1835, "since the settlement of the island, is 168; loss of lives 414." The other part of the second item, *labor* is very great. We know that a sailor's work, under any circumstances, is severe as well as dangerous. The toil is such as most men would shrink from and it is constant. It has few mitigations while it lasts. The sailor's food is coarse, his sleep scanty and uncertain; and while in his proper employment, he is under despotic command—often under fierce and capricious tyranny. But the ordinary merchant sailor has constant changes in his life, and limited intervals in his engagements. He knows exactly the point to which he goes, and he goes to it in the shortest way. He sees many countries and cities, many varieties of civilization and people; his service is brief, and his remuneration is fixed. The whaler has all that is worst in this lot; but his servitude is not for weeks or months—it is for years. His toil is hazardous; he pursues it on the wild and lonely seas, and if he gets a respite on land, it is commonly among savages, or only in the desert. His pay, too, is uncertain; it depends on his success; and the man who works the hardest has the lowest share. We have not, however, stated yet the item which should count for most—that is, not the loss of comfort; not the loss of ease; not the loss of luxury; but the loss of home. In this the common man and the captain are alike. Both are wanderers and pilgrims upon the

deep. The sky-bounded waste of waves is their great domain and the ship their only domicile. There household they see but with glimpses at distant intervals, and wife and child they clasp only to feel that life is only separation. The voyages have been growing longer as whales have become scarcer. The ordinary voyages used to be three years—it is now, on the whole, five years; so that in a quarter of a century a man may interrupt by six or seven hasty visits his strangeness towards his family. Yet it is for them he thus makes himself a stranger; for them he becomes the long exile of the *homeless* seas. There was more pathos than we have read in poems in a few unaffected words which we heard a young man say to another on board the steam-boat on our way to Nantucket. "I have been at sea," said he, "since I was sixteen, and I have not since, all put together been three months on land." His age was probably six and twenty.

Life of Sir John Franklin.

The following particulars of the biography of the distinguished navigator, the discovery of whose unhappy fate has engaged the attention so much of late, we find in the *New York Post*:

Sir John Franklin, who at a very early age manifested the adventurous spirit that characterised his later career, was born in Spilsby in Lincolnshire, in 1786. The evident bent of the boy's mind for a sailor's life not meeting with the father's views, he was sent a voyage to Lisbon in a merchant vessel in hopes the reality would operate as a cure. The attempt failed, and at the age of 14 he entered the British navy as a midshipman, on board the *Polyphemus*, in which capacity he served at the battle of Copenhagen.

In 1803 he accompanied his relative, Capt. Flinders, on a voyage of discovery to the South Seas, and was shipwrecked on the coast of New Holland. He was afterwards signal officer on the *Beleroophon*, (the ship on which Napoleon took refuge

in 1815,) at the battle of Trafalgar, and in 1814 served as lieutenant upon the *Bedford*, which carried the allied sovereigns to England.

In 1815 he was at the attack upon New Orleans, which ended so disastrously for the British, and won considerable reputation by the capture of an American gun-boat. In 1818 he was appointed to the command of the brig *Trent*, which formed part of the Polar expedition under Capt. Buchan. He afterwards held a command in the expedition of Ross and Parry, at which time he examined the coast as far as Cape Turnagain, 68 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, and returned to England in 1822, after having suffered great hardships and privations, and was only saved from death by the kindness of the Esquimaux.

Promoted to the rank of Post Captain in 1825, in company with the same parties, he undertook a second voyage to the Polar seas, and examined the coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers. He returned in 1827, having reached 70 deg. 30 min. north latitude, and 150 deg. west lon., and was knighted by Geo. IV., in acknowledgement of his services. In 1830 he was in command of a ship-of-the-line in the Mediterranean, and was afterwards sent as Governor to Van Dieman's Land, from which post he was recalled in 1843.

Early in 1845 he returned to England and was at once appointed to the command of the expedition to the Polar seas, from which he never returned, and which was expected to add largely to the stock of geographical knowledge and that of the laws which govern the magnet. The *Erebus* and *Terror*, the two ships with which the younger Ross, in 1830, had made his celebrated voyage to the South Polar Seas, were rapidly fitted up with everything necessary for the service, and with the distinguished officers, Capts. Crozier and Fitzjames, who were selected by Sir John himself, the expedition left England on the 19th of May of that year. It was spoken by several whale ships on the 4th of July, and on the 26th of the same month was seen for the last

time in Melville's Bay, lat. 77 north, lon. 66 13 west from Greenwich.

Fears respecting the missing navigators became general in England in 1848, but since that period several expeditions have been fitted out there as well as one from this country, for the purpose of either rescuing or ascertaining the fate of Sir John and his companions. They have all returned without success. The only traces hitherto discovered have been the graves of three of the party, and some empty cans used for containing preserved meats, such as were furnished the expedition. The searches instituted at the request of the English by the Russian Government among its possessions on the Arctic Sea have met with no result. But the veil seems about to be lifted, and should the report of Dr. Rea, which has reached us from Canada, prove correct, we shall soon probably know all that can ever be known of Sir John Franklin and those under his command.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Lahaina Chaplaincy.

Since my last communication three deaths of young seamen, from consumption took place within a few days of each other at the hospital. A peculiar interest attached to them all, as subjects of Divine grace.

One had been for some time a member of the church, and made good his profession here by a consistent, prayerful life, and by the sustaining power of his faith in death.

Another, whose deep religious conviction arose at sea, found peace with God here; and all along great peace he seemed to enjoy. The third, a less enlightened person, was long in darkness, but at last seemed to yield to the mercy of God in Jesus Christ. The happy end of these interesting young men has been a cause of joy and encouragement. Of the remaining numerous inmates of

the hospital most have recovered their health.

More than ordinary activity has existed during the summer in this usually quiet place. Much building and refitting has been going on; and nowhere more than among the numerous groggeries, where they are preparing for an active campaign. I met three seamen staggering in the street this afternoon, the first of their victims I have seen this season.

As yet there are but three whale-ships arrived at this port, none at Honolulu. By these we have our first intelligence from the great northern whaling fleet. The "Alfred Tyler," arrived last week from the Okhotsk Sea, having left early on account of the severe illness of Capt. Ripley, who is still sick. She has had but poor success, and reports little success of others, while much fog has been encountered, with heavy weather and great quantities of ice. Three or four ships were driven on shore by the ice on Shatur Island, and only one of them got off, while many other disasters have occurred. Such are the hardships and dangers our friends have been encountering. We shall truly rejoice over those who return in safety.

To-day the "Majestic," Percival, arrived here from the Arctic Ocean. She reports an almost total failure among the few ships which proceeded thither this season. Capt. P. left the Arctic about August 1st, and commenced fishing with good success south of the Straits. There he became separated from his ship in a fog and three boats and their crews suffered for ten days the horrors of exposure in that inclement region.

They first proceeded 140 miles to a desolate island where they spent 4 days subsisting on birds. No relief

approaching, and nothing but starvation awaiting them there, they re-embarked in their boats for a Russian settlement on another island, two hundred miles distant. Their stock of provisions was reduced to two birds a piece. After being out two days more, and yet 50 miles from port, suffering and exhaustion appeared to prevail. Capt. P. says the men all seemed to look to him for help, while he himself felt like giving up. At this critical time, while they were consulting, one of the crew looked up and cried "A sail." They could scarcely believe such good news. But it was true; and, to their surprise and gratitude, they found themselves speedily welcomed on board their own ship, where exhausted and frozen, the best exertions of all were for many days required to restore them, or even save their lives. They were successful in this, and nearly all have quite recovered from the effects of their sufferings, although, in consequence of this misfortune, their cruise was broken off, just when beginning to be successful.

Capt. Percival reports no intelligence of the missing ship *Monongahela*. He has picked up a cask of oil and planks which may have belonged to her.

We shall soon have more intelligence, and our harbor full of ships.

Yours, truly,

S. E. BISHOP.

Seamen's Chaplain.

LAHAINA, Oct. 1st., 1854.

How to Learn to Pray.

It is a misfortune to a man not to be taught to pray in childhood, so that it comes natural to him. If he grow up like a heathen, he is apt to say, when urged to prayer, "I cannot pray; I never did; and do not know how to begin." And in truth, how

can he learn when he is old; how shall he awaken those holy instincts which reach forth to God?

It has been said if a man would learn to pray, let him go to sea. There is much in the sense of helplessness, which all then experience, to drive a man to prayer. "They that go down to the sea in ships" are confronted with the power of God, and made to feel their littleness in his hand. Even when lying in his berth, as a voyager listens to the waves rushing past his very pillow, his heart dies within him to think of the infinite deep around and beneath. There he lies, helpless in the arms of a superior power, and often in very desolateness he reaches forth his little hands to that Being who ruleth the raging of the sea. And when the storm is abroad, when it howls over the deep, and the ship quivers in the gale, then do the stout-hearted cry unto the Lord because of trouble. Or when winds are low, and the firmament of stars is reflected in the glassy sea, then will there come to the roughest sailor strange thoughts of God and of other worlds. "God of Christians!" exclaims Chateaubriand, "it is especially in the waters of the abyss and in the depths of the heavens, that thou hast engraven the traces of Almighty power! Millions of stars sparkling in the sombre azure of the celestial dome; the moon in the midst of the firmament; a sea without a shore; infinity in the heaven and in the waves! Never hast thou more overwhelmed me with thy grandeur, than in those nights when suspended between the stars and the ocean, I had immensity over my head, and immensity under my feet!"

"I am nothing; I am but a poor lonely man; I have often heard savans dispute on the Great First cause and I have not understood them; but I have always observed that it is at the sight of the grand scenes of nature, that this unknown being manifests himself to the heart of man."

So does any scene of sublimity or of terror awaken awe and fear. But we need not go to oceans, or mountains, or cataracts to touch the soul. There is a quiet domestic scene more

appealing than all the majesty of nature. If a man would learn to pray we would not tell him to go to sea, but to go into his family and look at his children! How can a father see these helpless beings turning to him for support, and not raise one fervent prayer to God that he would bless these little ones, and watch over them, when their earthly protector shall be no more?

Sailors and Soldiers.

A correspondent of the London Times gives an inkling of the fun that attended the disembarkation of the English troops on the shores of the Crimea, in the following paragraph:

As each man came creeping down the ladder, Jack helped him along tenderly from rung to rung till he was safe in the boat, took his firelock and stowed it away, removed his knapsack and packed it snugly under the seat, patted him on the back, and told him "not to be afeered on the water;" treated "the sojer," in fact in a kind and tender way, as though he were a large but not very sagacious "pet," who was not to be frightened or lost sight of on any account, and did it all so quickly that the large paddle-box boats, containing 100 men, were filled in five minutes. Then the latter took the paddle-box in tow, leaving her, however, in charge of a careful coxwain, and the same attention was paid to *getting* the "sojer" on shore that was evinced in getting him into the boat, the sailors (half or wholly naked in the surf) standing by at the bows, and handing each man and his accoutrement down the plank to the shingle, for fear "he'd fall off and hurt himself." Never did men work better than our blue-jackets; especially valuable were they with horses and artillery, and their delight at having a horse to hold and pat all to themselves was excessive. When the gun-carriages stuck fast in the shingle, half a dozen herculean seamen pushed at the wheels, and, with a "Give way, my lads—all together," soon spoked it out with a run, and landed it on the hard sand.

No praise can do justice to the willing labors of these fine fellows. They never relaxed their efforts as long as man or horse of the expedition remained to be landed, and many of them, officers as well as men, were 24 hours in their boats.

Left Behind.

The caravan was within but a few days' journey of the Syrian limit, and of its desert journey more than three-fourths had been performed. The tents had been lifted in the first blush of the morning, and the company, before the sun was an hour in the heavens, were out of sight of the spot where they had halted. It was a little dell, which the shelter of a high rock had produced. A fountain of sweet water welled up through the matted soil, which the waving of the long tropical ferns produced; and underneath the shade of the rock was the double shade of the date and the aloe-tree. There still rested a young man in sleep. No wonder that the coolness of the shade and the softness of his bed should have deceived him, but still he was *left behind*. There were leagues of danger between himself and his company. Every moment the danger increased. In a little while it would be insurmountable. If he had taken that moment for thought he might then have understood how time neglected becomes eternity.

Have you, my reader, been left behind? Has the caravan of God's Church passed out of your sight? Hurry on, for soon you will find that the distance is insurmountable. Left behind! And by what? The lovely and holy of all ages—the general assembly and Church of the first-born—the company of the just made perfect! Only in that blessed host—which thus in its solemn procession has passed on—can salvation be found; for who is there who is ashamed to acknowledge his Master on earth, and to follow Him without the camp, who will be acknowledged by Him in heaven?—*Episcopal Recorder.*

One Drop at a Time.

"Life," says the late John Foster, "is expenditure; we have it, but are as continually losing it; we have the use of it, but are as continually wasting it. Suppose a man confined in some fortress, under the doom to stay there until death: and suppose there is there for his use a dark reservoir of water, to which it is certain none can ever be added. He now supposes the quantity is very great; he cannot penetrate to ascertain how much, but it may be very little. He has drawn from it by means of a fountain, a good while already, and draws from it every day. But how would he feel each time of drawing, and each time of thinking of it? Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to. Not, 'I have a reservoir, I may be at ease.' No! but, 'I had water yesterday—I have water to-day; but having had it, and my having it to-day, is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching. And at the same time I am compelled to this fatal expenditure! So of our moral transient life! And yet men are very indisposed to admit the plain truth, that life is a thing which they are in no other way possessing than as necessarily consuming; and that even in this imperfect sense of possession, it becomes every day a less possession.'"

Scripture Illustrations.

The Sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the Moon by night.—Ps. cxxi. 6.

Mr. Crane in his "Letters from the East," has observed, "The effect of the moonlight on the eyes in this country (Egypt) is singularly injurious. The natives tell you, as I found afterwards they also did in Arabia, always to cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. It is rather strange that the above passage in the Psalms should not have been thus illustrated, as the allusion seems direct. The moon here really strikes and affects the sight when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun; a fact of which I had a very

unpleasant proof one night and took care to guard against it afterwards. Indeed the sight of a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night, would soon be utterly impaired or destroyed."

Cheap Pleasure.

A Piedmontese nobleman, into whose company I fell at Turin (says Mr. Rogers, in his "Italy,") told me his story without reserve as follows:—"I was weary of life, and after a day such as few have known, and none would wish to remember, was lounging along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look and manner was irresistible. No less so was the lesson he had learnt. "There are six of us and we are dying for want of food."

" 'Why should I not,' said I to myself, 'relieve this wretched family? I have the means; and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does?' The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse, and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes. It went as a cordial to my heart. 'I will call again to-morrow,' I said. Fool that I was to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply."

Lost! Lost.

"I was called," says a venerated divine, "in the early part of my ministry, to stand beside the bed of a beautiful young mother, whose life was fast ebbing away. Anguish—deep, hopeless anguish—was riveted on her countenance. Death was knocking for admission. Her time had come. I asked her if she was willing that I should pray with her. Her reply was:—'I have no objection, but prayers will be of no avail now; it is too late, too late; I *must* die; I am *lost! lost for ever!*' I prayed earnestly with her, but her hard heart was untouched; there was in it no fountain of love to its Maker; it was 'too late.'

"What was the cause of her cold and careless indifference? Listen, mothers, and from her who, 'being dead, yet speaketh,' learn a lesson. This lovely mother was, at a very early period of her life, deeply and seriously impressed with the importance of religion, and the arrows of conviction where fastened in her heart. '*My mother,*' says she, '*sent me to the dancing school, and I danced all my convictions away.*' As she lived, so did she die—without Christ in the world."

The Sailor Befriended.

An instance of successful endeavor to benefit sailors is given by the Boston Traveller.

On the 4th inst., upon the arrival in port of the war-vessels *Saratoga* and *Cyane*, it was understood that large numbers of "land sharks," or keepers and employees of boarding houses, where sailors are drugged with bad rum, were hovering around with a view to securing some of the rich booty offered in the shape of pay which the sailors receive after years of toil and service. For the purpose of preventing these wrongs, which are only too commonly practised, the Rev. Phineas Stowe, accompanied by Mr. Merrill, of Amesbury, and other benevolent gentlemen, hastily collected the members of the national brass band, and proceeded to the Navy Yard, with a view to induce the sailors to take up quarters at temperance boarding houses.

They were well received on board ship by all classes. A flag that had waved over the soil of Japan, and various Japanese curiosities, were presented to Mr. Stowe, and they succeeded in their mission so well that nearly 150 men out of the 200 on board the *Saratoga*, late of the Japan Squadron, accompanied the apostles of temperance and humanity, the band leading the way.

The procession passed from the Navy Yard to the Bethel, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. Notwithstanding the fact that this large body of sailors were but just let loose from the restraint of a

long cruise, most of them remained for three quarters of an hour, listening to addresses and music, and eventually, almost all were safely housed in temperance quarters in the vicinity.

In the evening a temperance meeting was held at which Mayor Smith and the Chief of Police were present, and the former made one of his happiest addresses. He was repeatedly cheered with enthusiastic applause, as he warned the sailors against the dangers of drugged liquor and rum boarding houses, and when he concluded with bidding them, when they needed a friend, to come to him, the enthusiasm was unbounded.

Addresses were also made by Mr. Williams, theological student from New York, by Mr. Merrill, Mr. Stowe, and by one of the crew of the *Saratoga*. The latter was so affected that several times he stopped almost in tears, when his comrades greeted him with their applause and encouragement. Many of those present took the pledge, and the occasion was a deeply interesting one. It is probably the first time that such an effort covering so large a portion of a war-ship's crew, was so successful.

Do not despond in the seasons of dryness and monotony, and painfulness; for these are the barren and seemingly profitless things out of which the Lord will bring patience, meekness, faith, humility, and many other rich and precious things, which can only be obtained through trial of some kind.

Put a low value on the world's clay and a high value on Christ.

Temptations will come, but if you do not make them welcome they will turn to your advantage.

It is the part of great minds to convey much in few words—little minds, on the contrary, have the gift of talking much and saying nothing.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

The Yankee Tar ; OR SAILING UNDER A WHITE HAT.

BY MAINTOP.

Not long since I was much amused by a pretty good joke, which was played off upon a worthy captain of a Baltimore ship, which I will call the *Tornado*, by a "Yankee tar," who had not learned to "pull the ropes" in vain ; for his was an eye that saw not to forget ; his tarpaulin that covered a brain that was not unused to thought and ready wit. A long and a happy life to him.

One day as I was standing leisurely smoking my cigar, upon a wharf in one of our large cities, I saw approaching the *Tornado*, one of those old specimens of a Yankee greenhorn.

A tall time-worn hat was crowded on to the back part of his head ; his arms protruded from the sleeves of his swallow tailed coat, and his vest and pants had the appearance of being made long before he had arrived at the years of manhood.

Having got within a short distance of the ship he stopped ; and in an attitude most befitting his personal appearance, stood gazing at the ship in seemingly astonishing wonderment.

The captain of the *Tornado*, observing our Yankee, addressed him with, "Well, my hearty, what do you wish ?"

"Wall, I be darned if I know what

I wish, but I kinder calkilete I should like to go to sea in that ar ship. She is a mighty big un, I kinder think a feller'll feel sorter to hum in 'er arter he's got acquainted."

"Do you want to ship?" said the captain.

"I want to hire out," said the Yankee, "and I'd as leve hire out to work in that ar thing as any whar' else."

"Was you ever on salt water," said the captain.

"No I never seed the salt water before this morning in my life."

"I would like to ship a hand and if you will ship as an able seaman, I will give you first rate wages," said the captain, with evident expectation of having some rare sport.

"As tu bein able," said the Yankee "I calkilate I'm able tu du anything that any of ye are. So I do not feel a mite alarmed on that 'ar pint."

"I am rather of opinion that you would be seasick, and then you would not be able to do much, I take it," said the captain, beginning to enjoy the sport.

"I don't know anything about yer seasickness, but if its anything like the measles, I'll be darned to darnation, if I want it round me. "Taint ketchen, is it ?"

"Well, it sometimes ketches a green hand," said the captain laughing.

"Wall," said the Yankee, taking off his old white hat and giving it a beautiful touch with his coat sleeve, "if a good constitution 'll do to reckon

on, I an't afraid to try it, by ginger-bread.

"Well," said the captain, "if you think you will ship as an able seaman, what will you go for by the run?"

"Well that'll depend upon whar yer goin," said the Yankee, "I ollers make it my way, afore engaging, tu know whats to be dun, so as to make some kalkilations."

"The ship is bound to Liverpool, and I want to know what yo will go for by the month, out and back."

"Wall," said the Yankee, drawing from his pocket a huge jack knife, and for want of a shingle, began to cut and scrape his finger nails, "you said you'd give first rate wages if I'd ship, so 'atween you and I, I'll go for forty dollars a month."

"That is rather round pay for a green hand," said the captain rather dryly, "however, we will step into the shipping office, and have you regularly shipped. I guess there'll be no trouble about the pay," and in a short time the Yankee was shipped in due form as an able seaman, at forty dollars a month.

"Now," said the captain, "you must know that the shipping rules are such, that if you ship as an able seaman, and cannot do an able seaman's duty you cannot draw full pay. And if you are nothing more than a green hand, you can only draw a green hand's wages."

"And how much is that," said our Yankee, opening both his eyes.

"About nine dollars a month," said the captain. "And now if you have got any dunnage, you had better be getting them on board."

Presently the Yankee came on board, not with a shirt and a pair of socks tied up in a cotton handkerchief, as might be expected, but with a regular seaman's chest, which he was careful to have well filled. And after

had been consigned to its proper place, our Yankee soon made his appearance on deck, but a regular sailor's rig had taken the place of the old white hat and short waisted coat.

The mate thinking that in this instance, as in many others, "that

dress did not make the man," and wishing to have his share of the sport sent the Yankee aloft.

But to the surprise of all, before the "ay, ay, sir," had fairly passed his lips, he was in the rigging and was soon at the appointed place, and busy at work.

"How is this?" said the captain, to the neat looking Yankee tar, after he had returned to the deck. "You told me when you came on board this morning that you had never seen salt water before in your life, and now you seem to know every rope in the ship."

"Wall, if I don't, you must have got some new ones that are not particularly wanted, that's all."

"But I want you to explain yourself. You have come to me with a lie, and now I want you to clear it up," said the captain, not very well pleased with the idea of shipping a green hand for forty dollars per month.

"Well, captain," said the Yankee, with a gentle pull at the waistbands of neatly fitting duck trowsers, "it means simply this, although I never saw salt water before this morning, yet I have sailed in every kind of craft, from an Indian birch to a first class ship, and know as much about the ropes of a ship as twelve years experience on the lakes can teach me; but I never was regularly shipped for quite so good pay as the present. And now," said the Yankee, with avain attempt to look serious, "If you please I will take my advance pay."

The captain was caught and made the best of it.—*Yankee Privateer.*

Temperance at the Seamen's Retreat.

MR. EDITOR—The unfortunate weather-worn and sea-beaten sailor, stricken down by the hand of disease, who enters the lovely Bay of New York, has offered to him a *Retreat* from his toils and exposures—a place well adapted, both on account of its locality and superior medical aid, and

careful nursing, to restore his wasted energies, and give impetus to the "wheels of life;" but, aside from all this there is another thing which makes it, or should make it attractive to the sailor, a weekly temperance meeting is held in the chapel of the Seamen's Retreat. These meetings are conducted by the different officers of the institution. The Superintendent acts as president, and is always foremost in the cause, being one of the chief speakers.

The Chaplain, ever zealous in his endeavors to save souls, finds this a powerful auxiliary in the furthering of the great work.

And the Physician in Chief, well aware, that unless the patient gives up the use of alcoholic drinks, all medicines will be comparatively useless, and seeing day after day that almost, if not all the diseases which come under his notice, are either caused or made worse by this hell-brewed liquid, and that diseases of the most virulent and filthy character are contracted while under its influence, and which is the bane of so many sailors' lives; he, knowing all these facts actively engages in, and actively co-operates with, all endeavors to lay a foundation for a permanent cure for those diseases which he is called upon to treat.

The third anniversary of this society was held on the evening of the 31st Oct. This meeting differed from the usual ones, namely, in the re-election of officers for the ensuing year, and an account of the society at that time being rendered.

The members who have put their names to the pledge during the past year was 441. The number of signers since the organization of the society, 1,744.

It is a fact well known and deep y

lamented by the society, that many of the members who sign soon break the pledge, when exposed to the tempter, and some are so far sunken in iniquity, that they only put their names to the pledge to bring disgrace upon it; but notwithstanding all this they hope that many, and have reason to believe that some, are thus rescued from drunkard's doom, and made useful members of society.

Cosmopolites as they are, they carry with them to the ends of the earth these blessed principles and sow them broad cast over the face of the whole world, tending to purify a class of men who, whether fairly or not have associated with their name the very essence of vice and criminality.

Wishing this may find a place in your valuable magazine,

I am respectfully yours

WM. CANNIFF, M. D.,

Secretary of the Society.

Seamen's Retreat, Staten

Island, N. Y. Dec., 4, 1854.

Marine Temperance Society.

An interesting meeting of the Marine Temperance Society of the Port of New York, was held at the Sailor's Home, No. 190 Cherry street, on Tuesday evening.

The exercises were commenced by reading a portion of Scripture.

Addresses were delivered by Capt. Tracy, Mr. Hewitt, and Rev. Charles J. Jones.

A large number of the sons of the ocean were attentive listeners to the thrilling anecdotes and arguments in favor of temperance.

This society now numbers nearly 29,000 members, and is steadily increasing.

L. P. H.

DEATHS IN THE SEAMEN'S RETREAT.

Name.	Born.	Age.	Died.
EDWARD ALFORD,	Connecticut,	39	Aug. 1
JAMES DAVIDGE,	England,	32	" 4
OLE OLESON,	Norway,	52	" 5
ALEXANDER BURNS, (Col'd.)	Maryland,	30	" 9
SALVADOR CARROA,	Italy,	25	" 11
ARTHUR E. WARD,	England,	32	" 12
GEORGE JACKSON,	England,	22	" 15
WILLIAM JAGO,	England,	38	" 18
JOHN LUNDIN,	Sweden,	64	" 20
JAMES ROLLING, (Col'd.)	West Indies,	24	" 28
JOHN ALEXANDER,	England,	40	" 28
GEORGE THOMPSON,	Scotland,	18	" 28
JOHN RAY, (Col'd)	Manilla,	33	Sept. 1
BRAZIO MAZZINI,	Italy,	21	" 2
RICHARD A. STEWARD,	Maryland,	22	" 4
WILLIAM MCKINLEY,	Finland,	39	" 4
LANS FRENCH,	West Indies,	28	" 5
ROBERT G. ERQUEST,	Sweden,	22	" 6
WILLIAM FINLEY,	England,	19	" 8
JAMES HILL,	Rhode Island,	30	" 8
J. R. ROGUSKEY,	Norway,	20	" 14
PHILIP RADIX, (Col'd.)	Trinidad,	23	" 17
MICHAEL REDMOND,	Ireland,	27	" 18
HENRY TAYLOR, (Col'd)	Virginia,	20	" 22
THOMAS PAYNE,	New York,	32	" 23
WILLIAM NELSON,	Norway,	25	" 24
PETER JOHNSON,	Sweden,	23	" 25
CHARLES J. FOSTER,	Maryland,	23	" 26
JOHN J. RICHARDS,	France,	24	" 30
JAMES ATKINSON,	Ireland,	24	" 30
JOHN KENNADY,	Ireland,	23	Oct. 4
EDWARD JACKSON, (Col'd.)	Connecticut,	23	" 6
JOHN SHORT,	England,	22	" 9
JOHN MELTICA,	Malta,	23	" 12
ISAAC CROWELL,	Nova Scotia,	20	" 14
JOHN FAGAN,	Ireland,	21	" 15
WILLIAM MUBRAIN,	Scotland,	27	" 17
ROBERT MOORE,	New York,	32	" 17
MICHAEL FISHER,	New York,	29	" 20
WILLIAM SCHOLER,	Finland,	28	" 21
JACOB PETERSON,	Sweden,	20	" 22
MORRIS CONKLIN,	Ireland,	34	" 23
CHARLES ELLIS,	England,	29	" 27
THOMAS HILL,	England,	35	" 30
JOHANNES JACKSON.	Sweden,	30	" 30
TOY ORMISISON,	Norway,	26	Nov. 1
RICHARD C. WRIGHT,	Virginia,	37	" 1
HENRY L. HARVEY,	Maine,	22	" 1
JOHN PHILIPS,	England,	20	" 3
WILLIAM PHILIPS,	England,	26	" 9
PETER YORICK,	Germany,	26	" 9

From an Old Ship Master.

FAIRFIELD, Oct. 22d. 1854.

Editor Sailors Magazine. N. Y.

DEAR SIR: I have just had the pleasure of contributing to the cause of seamen, and the pastor alluded to the necessity of doing something for the cultivation of the minds of seamen, alluding to the mean and dastardly manner in which the crew * of the Arctic deserted the passengers and left them to perish, which they would not have done if they had been taught in the school of Christ.

I think in order to benefit those that go to Sea, a school should be established in all our Sea ports, for the instruction of boys, who after being taught the necessary branches, and *well taught the Bible*, should be apprenticed to ships, and Our General Government should be petitioned by all merchants, travellers, ship-owners, and ship masters, together with every benevolent individual, or society, to pass a law compelling every ship to carry one boy to every 100 tons at least, after they had been so instructed. If Sabbath schools and ragged schools are necessary for the society on shore, how much more for those that go to sea.

A SUFFERER AT SEA.

* Captain Luce declares that every sailor on board his ship did his duty.

Disasters.

Schr. S. Belden, at Galveston or vicinity from Mobile, is said to have dragged upon a reef in the late gale, capsized, and become a total loss, with all her crew.

Barque Hiero, at this port from Antwerp, reports: Oct. 7th, passed barque Isis of London, dismasted and abandoned, the spars floating along side, boats gone; apparently but a short time in that situation.

Ship John Revenal, at this port, from Newcastle, reports: 14th Oct., lat. 45° 05', lon. 53° 35', fell in with the wreck of Br. barque Isis, of London, totally dismasted and abandoned.

Schr. George P. Mercer was burnt 30th Oct. The mate and three sea-

men arrived at Baltimore 3d Nov., in schr. Samuel, from Carribean Sea.—The captain and remainder of the crew were taken off by schr. Democrat, from — for Boston.

Schr. Mattapony, from Philadelphia for Boston, struck on the Ice Breaker, night of 22d October, and filled.

Missing Vessel.

Brig Busy, of and for Providence, sailed from Cardenas August 30, since which nothing has been heard of her, and it is feared that she was lost in the heavy gale on the 4th of September.

Notice to Mariners.

NEW LIGHT ON HOLMOGADD, GULF OF BOTHNIA.—Stockholm, 25th Aug. 1854.—The Lighthouse on Holmogadd having been reconstructed, and fitted to receive the reverberating apparatus, 14 strongly plated reverberators have been adapted to said light, and so placed that they illuminate the whole horizon, with the exception of the part towards the land of Holmo, between N. 25° and 55° east by compass, from the same elevation as the old coal light, or 72 feet above the level of the sea. Consequent upon the situation of the dangerous shoal which extends two miles S. S. W. from the Southern point of Holmogadd, ending in a flat rock in 5 feet water, called Gaddsnytan, in S. S. W. 1-2 W., by compass from the Lighthouse, the light has been strengthened in this direction, which it, therefore, illuminates the strongest. The lighting of the present improved apparatus took place on the 9th of the present month, and will continue the same as other Royal Lighthouses.

LIGHT ON THE COAST OF NORWAY.—Christiana, 6th Sept., 1854.—The following lights will be lighted on the 1st October to the 1st April, in the morning.

During this period they burn, from the 1st Oct. to the 20th of March, from half an hour after sunset to sunrise; and after the 21st March, from one hour after sunset to sun rise.

Vigholm's Light, lon. E of Greenwich, $5^{\circ} 17' 20''$, lat. $59^{\circ} 8' 40''$.

Fielde's Light, lon. E of Greenwich, $5^{\circ} 35'$, lat. $59^{\circ} 5' 25''$.

Bucknesund Light, lon. E. of Greenwich, $5^{\circ} 29'$, lat. $59^{\circ} 13' 15''$.

Eylatta's Light, lon. E. of Greenwich, $5^{\circ} 8'$, lat. $59^{\circ} 25' 40''$.

Esprær's Light, long. E. of Greenwich, $5^{\circ} 10' 5''$, lat. $59^{\circ} 35' 5''$.

AN ADDITIONAL LIGHT ON VINGA ISLAND, KATEGAT, COAST OF SWEDEN.—Official information has been received at this office that the Swedish government has given notice that, on the 1st day of September ult., an additional fixed light, varied by flashes at short intervals, was exhibited on Vinga Island in the Kattegat, on the coast of Sweden. The new light tower is placed N. E. 1-2 N. direction by the compass, distant 400 feet from the old Vinga Lighthouse.

The Light is of the fourth order. It stands at a height of 82 feet above the sea, or at the same level as the present fixed light, and is visible all round the compass.

In connection with the above the light on Buskar Island, which lies 2 1-2 miles to the eastward of Vinga, has been altered so as to appear red to seaward, but continues bright towards Vinga Sound.

By order of the Lighthouse Board.

T. A. JENKINS, Sec.

The Navy Department.

Office of the Lighthouse Board,
Oct. 9, 1854.

Report of the existence of a dangerous sunken ledge in the neighborhood of Minot's Ledges, approaches to Boston Bay. Published by authority of the Treasury Department.

Coast survey Station near Camden, Me., Aug. 28, 1854.

SIR—By the kindness of Commander Charles H. Davis, U. S. Navy, the officer who executed the hydrography of Boston Harbor and its approaches, the Coast Survey has been enabled recently to determine the position of a very dangerous sunken ledge in the neighborhood of Minot's Ledges, approaches to Boston Bay. The sunken ledge is very

little known, and no notice of it has yet been published. It has only ten feet of water on it at low water spring tides. The position may be determined by the following magnetic bearings from it :—

The Light boat bears N. W. by W 1-4 W.

Scituate light bears S. by E.

Minot's rock (outer Minot) bears W. by N. 3-4 N.

The rule for avoiding this, and all similar dangers in this vicinity, is not to pass to the southward of the light boat, where strangers have no excuse for going at any time.

I would respectfully request the authority to give the usual public notice of the foregoing.

Very respectfully yours, &c.,

(Signed) A. D. BEACHE, Supt.

Hon. Jas. GUTHRIE, Sec. of the Treasury.

A new Light Vessel, painted red with "Sandy Hook" in large white letters on each side, has taken the place of the old vessel, (painted black) heretofore occupying the station off Sandy Hook. She is all red above the water, has two masts with a round iron day mark at each mast head, and shows two fixed white lights each composed of eight (8) twelve (12) inch parabolic reflectors and lamps, forty-two (42) feet above the water—which may be seen from a vessel's deck, under ordinary states of atmosphere, twelve (12) nautical miles. Highland Lights S. W. by W. per compass 6 3-4 miles; Sandy Hook Light, West by compass, 6 3-4 miles. Per order of Lighthouse Board.

A. LUDLOW CASE.

Lighthouse Inspector 3d District.

NEW HARBOR LIGHT OF ASSIENS.—London, October 4, 1854.—The New Harbor Light of Assens, was lighted for the first time on Sunday evening, the 1st inst. half an hour after sunset.

The tower from which the light is exhibited is placed on the Northern Mole, 26 feet from its outer end, and is painted white.

The height of the flame over the ordinary level of the sea is twenty feet.

Chin Bay's Locker.

My Little Jolly Boat.

SARAH POTSON.—What a queer name! and not much of a name either. It belonged to a very small Potson, a daughter of a Potson. We thought it queer when we heard it and so we listened to hear more of it.

A lady and a little girl were going by—or, rather, we were going by a lady and a little girl. The little girl had set down a basket upon the sidewalk and said; "Oh dear!"

The basket was heavy—too heavy for the little fragile form that bore it. It contained the clean clothes of somebody's washing. Somebody, perhaps, that was just then saying: "Oh dear! that lazy washerwoman, why don't she bring home our clothes?" Not my clothes—there were too many for that. It was a heavy load, and the little girl said "Oh dear" with such a tone, wrung so from her own heart, that it went home to the heart of the lady—some ladies have hearts—and she stopped and said, stooping down, as she said it to lift the basket: "What is the matter, little girl?—What made you say 'Oh dear!' Is it because the basket is so heavy?"

"Yes, ma'am, and because my arm aches so! and because I am afraid I shall be too late."

"Why too late?"

"Because ma said she was afraid I should be late; for Mrs. Heartgrind told her last week if she was too late again she wouldn't pay her a cent."

"Then why did your mother send such a little girl as you with such a heavy basket?"

"Oh! it is because my mother is sick. She could hardly sit up to finish ironing—I did some of the small pieces. Oh, dear; I wish John was here. John used to carry home the heavy baskets for mother. John was such a good boy."

"And who was John? And what is your name?"

"My name is Sarah Potson, ma'am."

Just then there was a new listener. The lady and the little girl did not notice either, perhaps, or that the writer and a young manly looking sailor boy, who just then came up behind him, were getting interested in this street dialogue. Sarah continued:

"And John was a boy that lived in our alley. And John had no father or mother; but John was a good boy; and he used to split wood, and bring coal and get water for my mother to wash with, and carry the heavy baskets. But, oh dear; John went to sea, and we haven't heard from him for e'en a most three years, mother says; I think it must be a great while longer than that, for I was a little girl then."

What was she now but a little girl? She might be three years older and three years bigger; but they were three little years, if they were long ones.

There was a slight movement behind us, as if the sailor heart of our young companion had been touched, and sailor like, he was going to bestow a portion of the wages, just paid him for his long voyage, upon the

first needy little girl he met in the street. He understood the language of a motion of our finger across the lips, and said by action—actions speak louder than words—"Aye, aye, Sir! I will hold on till the little craft has fired her volley."

The "little craft" continued as she lifted her basket: "Oh dear, yes Madam, it is heavy; but I am rested now. I hope the lady will pay me, because if she don't"—she stopped, set down the basket again, took up her little apron—it was a clean white one—wiped away a troublesome little watery particle from her eye, and—

"And what if she don't?" said the lady.

"Why then it will be so bad—and ma sick—and the man coming for the rent Monday."

It was Saturday evening now.

"Well Sarah," said the lady, "for fear she should not pay you, take that dollar to your mother; and that is my name and number; if you are in trouble about the rent week, you come for me, and I will see about it."

"Oh thank you ma'm. But if you please, you keep the dollar, and let me keep the card, and I will ask my mother first if I may take it. Oh, but if you will let her wash for you, then—"

"Well, what then?"

"Then if John should come back, and would help me carry the basket, why then—"

"Why then hurrah—my little jolly-boat—John has come back, and will carry the basket and you too"—and he took one upon one arm and the other on the other.

Yes, there was a kiss—reciprocal—hearty—honest—affectionate as a sailor. It comes from two happy hearts.

"Yes, and your mother on top.—And this lady—God bless her good heart, all the same, but John will pay the rent, and—"

Well its no use talking. It don't take much to make happiness. What a happy party around the poor Washerwoman's daughter—little Sarah Potson.—*Tribune.*

Thieves.

"Perhaps all my young readers would think it improper for me to call them thieves. But you *do* take to yourselves that which does not belong to you. A great deal of *time* is wasted by you, which God calls his own. Dr. Young says,

'Procrastination is the thief of time;'

that is, when we put off till to-morrow what we ought to do to-day, we are guilty of stealing *time*. And how many of you do this! You say 'There is time enough yet,' or 'I will do it by-and-by,' without once thinking of the sin of procrastination. I know a great many children who have neglected their books, day after day; and when told of the impropriety of their conduct, they will reply, 'I intend to study more in future.' But when the future comes, they are as negligent as ever. Now, who will not say, that these children are robbers of time? Reader, let me persuade you to be diligent in the employment of your moments; never waste the precious time of which you stand so much in need, to prepare for usefulness in life. Then, in your future years, you will have great reason to be thankful for the information you have gained, and will, doubtless, be instrumental of doing much good in the world, and many youth may be made better by your conduct and example."

Little Boy's Thought about the Heathen.

"'Father,' said a little boy, 'I have been thinking that I should like to go and carry the Bible to the heathen.' 'That is a good thought,' said his father, 'Yes, father, and I should like to get a carryall and take you and mother, and brother, and sister, with me.'"

New York, January, 1854.

A Happy New Year,

Again greets the ear, and meets the eye of our readers. How quickly has the past year fled! What changes it hath wrought! The great giver has been bountiful of almost every other gift to us; but of *time*, parsimonious, not giving us a *moment* till every previous one was taken away, nor pledging a second; yet we pass on as if all time was ours, and no eternity at hand.

The past year has been one of calamity on the sea. It opened with the stunning news of the loss of the San Francisco with near 200 lives; and evil tidings have been borne on almost every gale, till the loss of the Arctic, and the New Era with their more than 500 souls. It is estimated by Mr. E. Merriam, from a careful inspection of memoranda, that over *four thousand* have perished by shipwreck during the past year.

Who can depict the last mortal agony of these thousands—of husband and wife, mother and child, together involved in the wild uproar of the wreck, and the last helpless, hopeless, struggle, or the hundreds of houses of mourning, and the thousands of hearts made desolate all over the earth!

Yet the tumultuous waves move on waiting other prey—and in their roar sounding ceaselessly the dirge of the dead entombed in them.

The past year too has been one of war and deadly strife. While our own happy land enjoys peace and plenty and freedom, *four mighty empires* are involved in horrid war. More than *forty thousand* have fallen by the diseases of the camp, and the casualties of the battle field and the siege, and filling the world with widows and orphans; while as the storm thickens, a more awful suspense hangs over the issue.

At home too, in this land, we have had our exciting conflicts and bloodless victories, and temporary defeats.

We have had *Rum*, and *Rome*, and *Servitude*, and *Anti all-three*, in determined conflict. The treacherous sea hath slain its thousands, and rum in this land its ten thousands. The sea has caused mourning. *Rum woe*. The sea has bereaved a thousand families. Rum has cursed ten thousand. The sea has opened an honored grave. Rum, the drunkard's. The sea has not closed heaven to its dead. Rum has opened hell to its slain.

Yet this monster rum has battled well for supremacy through the last year and many years; has allied itself in this great State of ours to Rome and Slavery—has arrayed in its van a host of astute politicians, with a heavy ordnance of sage statesmen, *all temperance*—with an awful array of wonderful conservatism, “but

the people are mightier far, for the voice of the people is the voice of God."

When the drunkards shall cease out of the land, we will shout aloud to the people, "*A Happy New Year!*" and the sailor shall assuredly come in for his share of the benefit.

That happy *new* year, we predict, is coming and coming over the whole land. The Maine Law tried and refined, and made stronger, is to be the Maine law of these United States, that shall mightily check other political iniquitous legislation.

Darkly now as the gloomy clouds hang over the sea, we believe a happier *new* year shall dawn on the dark waters. Prone are we to attribute the calamities of the past, to the follies or faults of human agents, forgetting that All-Wise Divine Agent that controls them all, and in them is teaching us lessons of wisdom we need to know.

He burns our *great* ships, sinks our *strong, swift steamers*—the idols of our national pride and vain-glory. He is God of the sea and holds empire over it, and would have us acknowledge Him, while he bids us apply *our* wisdom, and tax *our* skill, disciplined and increased by calamities, to conquer the dangers of the sea. I had an infant boy once, now in heaven. I watched his first efforts to creep down stairs; he attempted it head foremost, lost his balance and fell. The fright—the scream! but I caught him, placed him back, turned him feet foremost, clenched his little hand to the banisters, and he made his own way safely down. It would have saved time and labor and his fright to carry him down; but that would not have given him the lesson and discipline his mind and muscles needed for future safety;

he knew ever after how to get down stairs himself.

So a Father in heaven instructs us his children by these frightful calamities on the sea. He designs to awaken the mind and intellect of human agents to care and invention, and appliances of science and skill to overcome the difficulties and dangers of the sea. We believe the *new* year will come, when life on the sea shall be as safe as on land, when ships shall be so constructed, and the means of rescue from the wreck so ample, so arranged, that the invalid shall retire from the sickly miasms of the land, to the sea, for health and safety, and the prolonging of life, and the jaded man of business, and of mental toil, shall retire to these cradles of the sea to be rocked to repose; but science and discovery and invention, and morals and temperance and religion, have a great work to perform first.

God, by these calamities, is reviving them all and preparing the way for that new era of commerce converted, when *thousands* shall dwell on the sea, where now but hundreds pass over. We will look out on the dark sea, and wish every sailor and sea captain "*A Happy New Year!*" for by an eye of faith we see that year shall come.

But who is able to wish the embattled millions of Europe a Happy New Year? The coming year but thickens the gloom and darkness of the past. If God has arisen to shake terribly the earth, and dash the nations together, and break them in pieces as a potter's vessel is broken; who shall not fear before Him?

Yet the year of His redeemed must come. In the midst of the terror, let the strong rods of oppression be broken. Let the prophetic *beasts* of

the earth, military monarchies, be slain. Let Babylon sink like a millstone into the depth of this troubled sea, and be found no more at all.

Then may the disenthralled millions from bondage, and ignorance, and superstition, and idolatry, and delusion, become the freed men of the Lord. We hail the coming jubilee, and loud as the Hallelujahs of heaven would shout o'er the sea and through the earth,

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Another Fearful Wreck.

The *New Era*, a new emigrant ship, sailed from Bremen for New-York on the 28th of September last. The number of souls on board, including the officers and crew, was 425—mostly German emigrants.—during the passage the cholera consigned 40 of them to an ocean grave, leaving an aggregate of 385 to go thro' the horrors of shipwreck on the Jersey shore. On the 46th day out, she went upon Deal Beach, five miles south of Long Branch, and of the 285 persons 222 perished! Four days after, 119 of the dead bodies had been recovered. We have neither room nor heart for comments now. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the inhabitants of that vicinity for the humane, prompt, and generous manner in which they met the necessities of the saved from the perils of the sea.

The Cut on the Cover.

Some of our Massachusetts readers may have been surprised to see on the cover of the last No. of the *Sailor's Magazine*, a *fac-simile* of the Boston *Sailor's Home*, located in the city of New York. We intended therewith an editorial notice; but fail-

ing, our printer took the liberty of locating so beautiful an edifice, and where should he put it but in New York? His mistake we have corrected on the cover of the present No., and improve the opportunity to express the gratification we experienced on a recent visit at the Home in Boston. So neat, so quiet, so comfortable, so protective, so home-like, and so well filled by sailor-boarders too, we could not but regard it as highly creditable to the city; to its founders and furnishers, and promotive of good to the men of the sea.

In Mr. and Mrs. Chany, Superintendents, the sailors find judicious and true friends. The number of boarders during the year ending with May last, was 2,380; of whom 118 were shipwrecked and destitute sailors. Since it was first opened more than 17,000 seamen have here found a Home.

Valuable Donation.

We are indebted to Messrs Robert Carter & Brothers, Publishers and Booksellers, 285 Broadway, for the donation of over 200 volumes of "Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations," for distribution among seamen. The books had passed from the bindery to the finishing press, and were ready for the shelf, when a fire occurred to soil the exterior, but left them otherwise uninjured, so that, unlike men, they put the *worst side out*. They contain a rich fund of Biblical history, illustration and exposition, suited alike to the learned and the unlearned. We rejoice in the privilege of putting them into the hands of seamen, who will read them with great interest, be instructed by them, and with God's blessing thereby be made wise unto salvation.

Aspinwall Chaplaincy.

ASPINWALL, Nov. 30, 1854.

Sickness invited—Underwriter's interests—Downright murder.

REV. AND DEAR SIR—I take this convenient opportunity to inform you of the state of affairs here.

The rainy season has advanced nearly to a close. We have had the "trades" blowing upon us since the twenty-first, and have had very little rain during that time. There has been an unusual quantity of rain during the present month; and the sickness and mortality have been unusually large. Several seamen have been sick here, but there has been no death among them during the past month.

And this is remarkable, for I have seen much intemperance and self-abuse among them. Masters and mates of vessels frequently lead the way, and then the crew follow in their steps.

The brig R., which lately visited this port, was one of this class.

I was on board of her several times while they were discharging cargo. They expressed their fears respecting the unhealthy climate of the Isthmus. I told them to refrain from all stimulating drinks, and not work too hard in the hot sun. But they procured a quantity of cheap liquor, which is well drugged with vitriol, arsenic, and sugar of lead; and at it they went, swearing and drinking, and driving the men, as heedless as persons drive cattle when they overdrive them; and before the close of the first day the mate was drunk, and the sailors were worked beyond their strength; and the captain and some of the men were sick before the close of the fourth day. And I have no doubt they went away cursing the sickly climate of Aspinwall.

I have no doubt of the fact, that this is a sickly place. But much of the sickness is invited, and brought on by intemperance, and various kinds of dissipation. If a crew were fully determined to be sick, and suffer, and run a narrow chance for a grave amongst the sharks in Navy Bay, they could hardly take a surer way to secure these results than that which was pursued by the officers and crew of the brig R——, and her history is the history of many. The Maine Law is needed on the ocean. The brig of which I have been speaking came near being lost in a storm. Part of her cargo was in a damaged condition.

Whether Mr. Alcohol was to blame or not I am unable to say; but from what I saw of the misconduct of the old fellow here, I would suppose there is room for suspicion. He is an old rogue, *and when he is a passenger on board, and is permitted to keep company with the crew, and with the officers; underwriters would do well to look to their own interests.*

I believe they possess the power to do a good work in the way of reformation amongst ship's officers, and through them, with the men under their charge, and thereby save lives, property and vessels from destruction, and a vast amount of money for their own pockets. Many vessels are lost through the intemperance of their officers.

But, we are happy to say, that we have seen some who do not drink, and who are always careful, prepared, and vigilant. And when we take a passage on such a vessel we feel a confidence in prayer and in the overruling providence of God, which we cannot feel when we embark on board of a ship *in violation of His laws.* Men here, who call themselves merchants, make

large sums of money every year, and then boast of it, who do it by selling poisonous liquids called, rum, brandy gin, &c., and they do this to make money, and at the same time they know that it will kill the men who consume it.

This is downright murder. It is in New York and in other places where this work of death begins. In a recent number of a New York paper there was a notice of nineteen persons who were left on a neighboring island, in a hospital, *sick with the Chagres fever*, it was said.

I remember the same [vessel and her crew. I saw some of them with rum bloated features and swelled eyes, in a dirty rum hole, and afterwards saw the same persons on the vessel alluded to in the notice. That vessel remained here only a few hours, and when she left for Havana, there were only three effective men of all her crew. The rest were all sick, as was reported, *but not with Chagres fever*.

We have enough to bear to sink a small isthmus, but we can do without the additional] burthen of other men's sins in the form of intemperance and debauchery, styled Chagres fever, by a misinformed correspondent of Havana.

Business is on the increase as the dry season approaches. The health of the Isthmus is tolerably good at present.

We hope for better times when we shall have a more permanent population. But we must have families of respectability, and, of course those who can justly lay claim to a tolerable share of common morality, before we can do much in the way of reform.

We trust we have the prayers of

all christians. May the Great Head of the Church bless this mission for His Name's Sake.

Yours truly,

D. H. WHEELER,
Seamen's Chaplain.

A Seamen's Chaplain Gone!

A few months since we announced the appointment and departure of the Rev. F. W. Bill for his station as Chaplain to seamen at Callao and the Chincha Islands in Peru. At Panama he was expected to stay a while for the double purpose of a temporary supply of the Chaplaincy, and the acquisition of the Spanish language.— We have private and public testimonials of his zeal and fidelity while there; and the following sad record from the Panama Star and Herald:—

"Died, in Lima, Saturday, Oct. 21st, the Rev. F. W. BILL, late of Williamsburgh, N. Y.

Mr. Bill was well known to the foreign residents of Panama, having resided here for some months, during the absence of the Rev. Mr. Rowell, and was deservedly and highly esteemed by them. While on his way to Callao, where he was going to labor as Seamen's Chaplain, under commission from the American Seamen's Friend Society, he contracted a severe cold at Guayaquil, which quickly ripened into a fever. He arrived at Callao in a very feeble state, where he received the best nursing and medical attention that kind friends could furnish. No apprehension was felt respecting the issue of the case until a few hours before he died, and then, very little. His friend left him to go to his dinner, feeling happy in the prospect of his speedy recovery, and when he returned, an hour or two afterwards, Mr. Bill *was dead*. Appearances indicated that he died in a fainting fit.

To the foreign residents of Panama, the report of this sad event

comes bearing a message from God—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Mr. Bill was supposed to have some rare qualifications for the work upon which he was about to enter; and to arrive there but to die, without preaching a single sermon, or ministering to a single sick, dying, or sinning sailor, is a mysterious providence which we know not how to fathom. But thus much we know:—*The Lord reigneth*; and loves the cause of seamen far more than any of its professed friends.

To the Captain of the steamer who gave him a free passage from Panama to Callao; to J. S. Allen, Esq., and other friends in Lima and Callao, who kindly did for our departed brother all that friendship could do, we tender our grateful acknowledgments.

Literary Curiosities.

No. 1.

UTICA, Sept. 25, 1854.

To the Agent of the *Sailor's Magazine*.

SIR:—As my year has expired, please discontinue my *Sailor's Magazine*,

Yours resp.

REMARKS. If the writer of the above had favored us with his *name* it would have aided us in determining which of *forty* subscribers is meant.

No. 2.

SIR, Please *change* the *direction* of my Magazine to New Salem, as I am about removing to that place, and oblige your's,

E. STILES.

REMARKS. How can we tell *where* E. Stiles now gets his Magazine without looking through a list of 7,000 or 8,000 names? And *which*

New Salem does he mean, as there are eleven New Salems in the United States?

No. 3.

Athens, September 28th, 1854.

Dear Sir—

I am greatly pleased with the *Sailor's Magazine*. Please direct me 5 copies for as many of my neighbors, and I will enclose you \$5 on the reception of the first numbers.

Your's truly,

JAMES WAIT.

REMARKS. We shall be very glad to comply with this request, but how in the name of *Wait* and *wonder* can we direct the Magazines when there are more than 20 towns bearing the name of Athens in the U. S.!

More literary curiosities anon; in the mean time some of our friends will favor us by speaking *intelligibly*.

Another New Sailor's Home.

We congratulate seamen and their friends in Maine on the opening of a new *Sailor's Home* in Portland. We learn that Capt. C. T. Bailey, whose soul and whose efforts have long been enlisted to promote the welfare of sailors, has been appointed its Superintendent. The *Mirror* says,—

The *Sailor's Home* in this city, is now completed, and ready for the reception of the Sons of the Sea. It contains fifty-three rooms in all—some of them furnished in a style of comfort and even elegance, suitable for the accommodation of ship-masters and their families, and all in a manner which will doubtless satisfy temporary boarders. General convenience has been sought in the plan and arrangements of the house—a place being provided for every thing which ought not to be excluded. In furnishing the rooms, the different religious societies in the city, and some in the country, have shown their liberality and regard for the sailor.

Account of Monies.

From Nov. 15, to Dec. 15, 1854.

Members for life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.

Daniel Lent, by the Reformed Dutch Church, New Town N. Y.	21 25
Peter A. Meserole, do. do.	21 25
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Capt. Henry W. Allen, by Con. Soc., Sippican, Mass.	20 00
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Richard D. Lathrop, N. Y. (amt. ack. below.)	
J. W. Tucker, N. Y. (balance)	15 00
Rev. S. B. Sutherland, by Meth. Protest. Ch. Georgetown, D. C., through Rev. J. L. Elliott,	20 00
Colonel W. Doughty, Georgetown, D. C.,	20 00
Rev. Austin Robbins, by Bapt. Ch., Topsam, Me., (in part.)	9 00
Mrs. Joanna Waite, Freeport, Me., by her husband,	20 00
Mrs. H. B. Hayes, Boston, by a Friend in Marblehead, Mass.	20 00

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" Broadway Con. Soc., Chelsea, Mass.	53 31
" Thirteenth st. Pres. Ch. N. Y.	106 72
" Con. Soc. Brunswick, Me.,	16 50
" Liberty st. Meth. Epis. Ch., Newburyport, Mass.	3 78

Legacies.

Late Henry Whittelsey, of Catskill, N. Y., John M. Donnelly, Esq., executor,	500 00
	2,352 27

Colored Sailor's Home.

5 pair socks from Mrs. Henry Benton, Hartford, Conn.,

Sailor's Home, New York.

From two little girls between six and eight years old of City, Dutch Co., N. Y., one quilt, one pair of sheets, one pair pillow cases.

From Mrs. C. Lamson, Jasper, N. Y., six pair woollen socks, four pair gloves.

*Receipts of Money and Books by
the Boston Seamen's Friend
Society.*

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